

Hitler's Speech Seen As Cry for Help Against Reds

Analysis of
the News by
Mackenzie

Market Report

Rangers Rout
Germans in
Tough Battle

Editorial Comment

Written Today and
Moved by Telegraph
or Cable.

By WENDELL MACKENZIE

Associated Press Writer

Hitler's speech yesterday, on the eve of the strange developments of the war, was in its essence a desperate bid for external aid from the Anglo-American Allies to stave off the vengeance of the Red Army.

Success of his scheme, of course, would mean the ending of a rump state of England, and an effort to pit his appeal across the ocean, that Europe's enemies can emerge only as the other and this will be either Germany or Soviet Russia," he declared.

And England, and a Soviet victory of Europe's annihilation.

Britain, he said, already had lost

his position on the continent. Then he dropped his bombshell, which the world has been expecting since the Anglo-American peoples:

"The question confronting both England and America is whether they want or are able after this war to fight Bolsheviks, but whether they want or are able after this war to fight Bolsheviks, in their own countries."

It was, I take it, more than an attempt to sow discord among the Big Three. In effect it suggested that we should not trust our Soviet allies to stand by us.

The master gangster has reached the point where he can pit the Anglo-American pair to defeat the Russians. Short of that, the master gangster can pit Britain and the Allies would give the wavering Reich a shot in the arm.

He is scared, and with reason. Even as he spoke, American warplanes were dumping an average of 100 tons of bombs a day on plane factories of Brunswick and the great rail center of Hanover. And the Royal Air Force got its first big daylight raid last night when a great fleet of heavy bombers again attacked Berlin.

And the Allies had the

master gangster had the

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SIDE GLANCES

By Galbraith

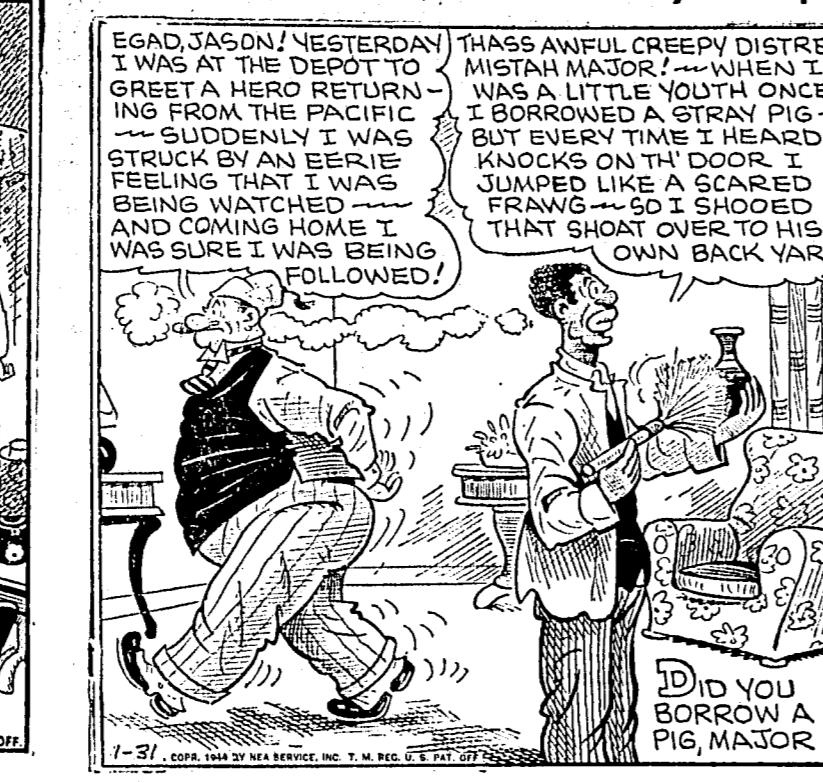


FUNNY BUSINESS

By Hershberger

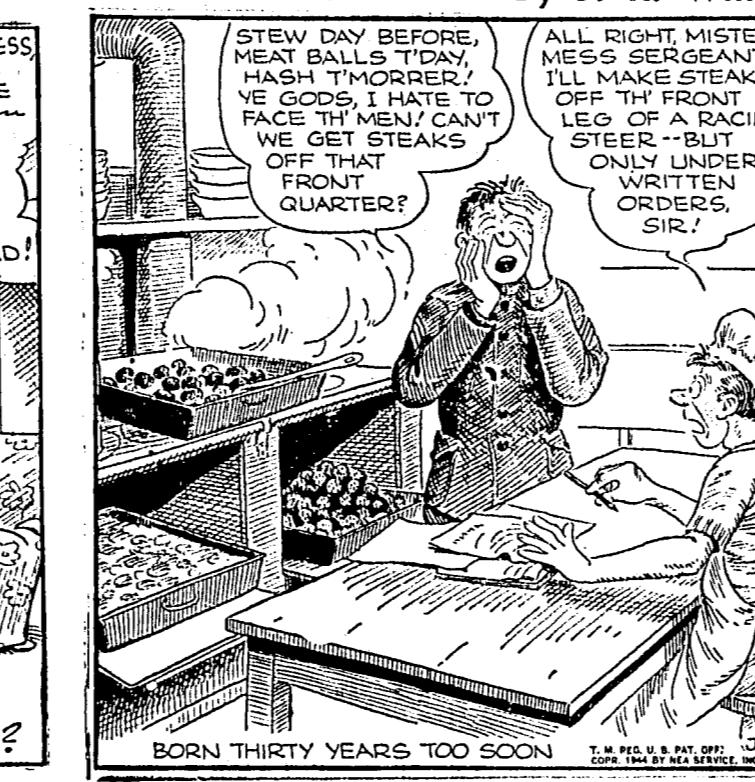


OUR BOARDING HOUSE with Major Hoople



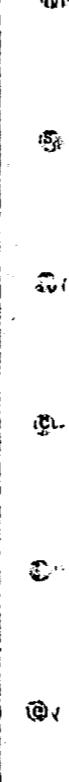
OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. Williams



Wobac

By Hal Boyle

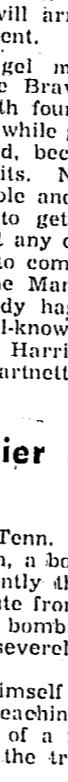


Injured Flier Picks

His Spot

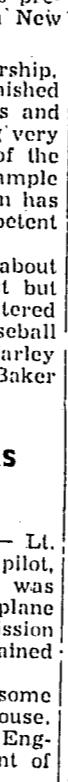
Red Rider

By Leslie Turner



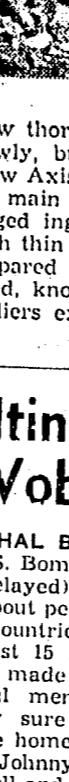
Donald Duck

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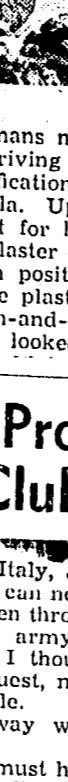
Popeye

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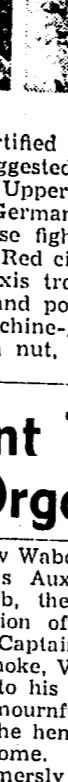
The Fall Guys

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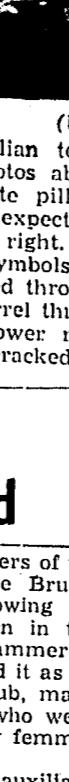
Thimble Theater

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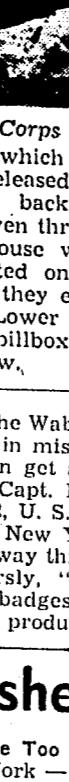
Alley Oop

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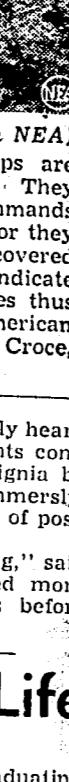
Popeye

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Oola's Here Too!

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By V. T. Hamlin

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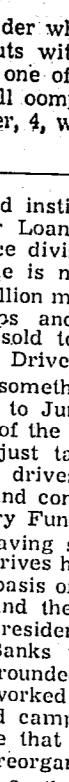
Total Eclipse!

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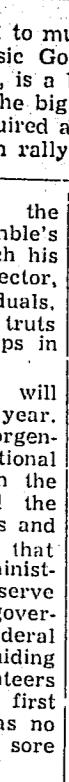
Freckles and His Friends

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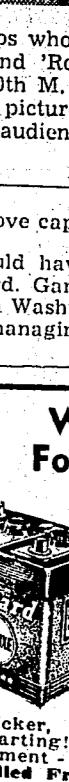
The Burning Question

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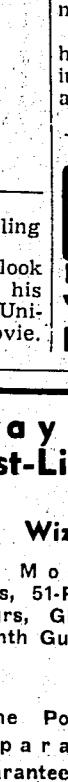
By Merrill Bloom

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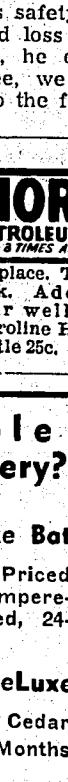
SHADYSID

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SINGER BUYS HOME

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HAL KROONER

Continued in the Next Chapter



THAT'S FIND, DEAR.

Continued in the Next Chapter

WILL THE LIGHT

Continued in the Next Chapter

NOT AT ALL,

Continued in the Next Chapter

DEAR?

Continued in the Next Chapter

JUST DRAPE MY LITTLE

Continued in the Next Chapter

BED JACKET OVER THE LAMP

Continued in the Next Chapter

TO CUT DOWN SOME OF THE GLARE.

Continued in the Next Chapter

THAT'S FIND, DEAR.

Continued in the Next Chapter

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Continued in the Next Chapter

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